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PROMPTLY AND NEATLY EXECUTED.

POETRY.

A BRILLIANT POEM!

We have met with no poetry, says the Philadel-
phia Saturday Courier, since the commencement of
the war in Mexico, that has so stirred our blood, as
the following splendid poem. It should grace a
prominent page in the volume that conveys to pos-
sibly in homely prose, the thrilling scenes and events
which it celebrates in immortal verse.

[From the Saturday Courier.]

BUENA VISTA.

BY CAPT. ABRAHAM PIKE.

From the Rio Grande's waters to the bay of Cape
Malice

Let all who have met the enemy again:
To watch their dead old mountains, we have met them
in their pain.

And all who have met the enemy again:
To watch their dead old mountains, we have met them
in their pain.

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And all who have met the enemy again:
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in their pain.

Still suddenly the cannon roared, but died away at last,
And o'er the dead and dying came the evening shadows fast.

And then above the mountains, spread the cold
And patiently and pityingly look'd down upon the field.

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infantry!" replied the young man, in the same
collected manner.

There was a murmur, a confused sound as of
many voices whispering in chorus, and in a mo-
ment the blaze of a large lamp filled that spa-
cious room with light.

"Now, look ye, Capt.," said the Tory leader,
earnestly regarding the disguised American.

"We don't doubt as how you are the Capt. Ed-
dam, but we Loyal Rangers have a way of our
own. We never trust an individual alone we
trust his spunk. If so be you chances to prove
a Rebel, why, we'll soon find it out."

The answer of the young man was short and
to the point.

"Name your trial and I am ready!"

"Do you see that keg of powder there? We'll
attach a slow match to it—a match that'll take
three minutes to burn out! You wait on that
keg! Before the three minutes is out, we'll re-
turn to the house and see how you stand the
trial! If there is a drop of sweat on your fore-
head, or any sign of paleness on your cheek,
we will conclude that you are a Rebel, and de-
serve to die!"

The Tories gathered round, gazing in the
young man's face with looks of deep interest.

"Eshaw!" exclaimed the object of their in-
terest, "what need of this nonsense? I am a
British officer—but what need of words I am
ready, and will stand the trial!"

This speaking, he saw the match applied to
the keg, he saw it lighted, and took his seat.

With a confused murmur the Tories left the
room.

"Look ye," cried the last of their band, who
stood in the doorway—it was the Captain—"we
will conceal ourselves, where the blowing up of
the house can do us no injury—that is, in case
the worthless old den should happen to blow up.
In two minutes we'll return. Take care of your-
self, Captain!"

The young man was alone—alone in that
large old room, the light of the lamp falling over
his brow, the keg beneath him, the match, slowly
burning, near his feet.

Why does he not extinguish the match, and at
once put an end to this fearful danger? Why
does he sit there, fixed as a statue, his pale face
wearing its usual calm expression, his deep blue
eyes gleaming with their peculiar light?

Not a motion—not a movement of the hand
which holds his watch—not a tremor of his face!

What are the thoughts of this young man,
when he sits there, so calm, so collected, so
unperturbed by a horrible death?

Does he think of the young bride, who even
now awaits his coming?

Two minutes have expired. The Tories do
not return. Slowly, surely, burns the match—
as calm, as fixed as marble, the young man a-
waits his fate.

The half minute is gone, and yet no sign of
the braves.

At last—"O! do not let your eyes wander
from his pale, beautiful face, in this moment
of his dread extremity—the match emits a
sudden flame, sparks, crackles, and burns out!"

"Nine years, nine days! At last, thank God,
it is over!"

These were his last words, before the powder
exploded. He folded his arms, closed his eyes,
and gave his soul to God.

Did that lonely house ascend to heaven, a
pyramid of blackening flagstones, and smoke
and flame, with the corpse of the young man torn
into atoms by the explosion?

For a moment he awaited his fate—all was
silent. Then came the sound of tramping feet—
the young man moved his eyes and beheld the
faces of the Tory band.

"Game, I saw, to the last!" cried the Tory
leader, Rimmel—"Do ye know, we watched ye
all the while: from a crack in your door? It was
only a trial you knew, but at last that would
have made many an old man turn his shiver,
turn pale, and cry like a babe! There's no
powder in the keg—ha, ha! How'd ye feel
when the match burnt out?"

"Give me the papers," asked the brave young
man, "let me hasten on my way!"

"O, I don't object to give you the papers,"
cried the Tory. "But, where do I like to ask
your opinion of this gentleman?"

As he spoke, the Tories parted into two di-
visions: in their centre appeared a man of some
thirty years, his tall and muscular form clad in
crimson, his florid face, with powdered hair and
light blue eyes, ruffled by a smiling smile.

"Captain Edam!" exclaimed the disguised
American, completely taken by surprise—
thought you were a prisoner, mine rules away
at Valley Forge?"

"Yes, Captain Edam, at your service," re-
plied the British officer, with a polite bow.

As he spoke, a burst of hoarse laughter made
the old room echo again.

"It was well planned, my dear Edam, but it
won't do!" exclaimed the British—"I was a
prisoner, but escaped! You were a British
officer, a moment ago, but now you are a Tory
spy! I presume it is needless to tell you the fate of a
Tory spy!"

It was strange to see the calm smile which
broke from the young Edam's lips and eyes.

"Death!" he replied, in his low, nasal voice.

"Death, ay, death by the rope!" shouted
the Tories, and a rope was thrown to that end.

"Well, show me how to play
this game, for I'm a Rebel!"

The rope was attached to the beam—the
noose arranged; the Tories, filled with indigna-
tion, clustered round—still the young man stood
calm and smiling there.

"Ensign, you have ten minutes to live," said
the handsome British officer. "Make your peace.
You have been taken as a spy, and ha, ha! must
be punished as a spy!"

"Thank God!" said the young man, in a wis-
per not meant to be audible, yet they heard it,
every Tory in the room.

"It seems to me, young man, you're thankful
for very small favors!" cried the Tory leader,
with a brutal laugh.

The gallant Captain Edam made a sign—the
Tories trooped through the doorway.

George Murry was alone with Algonquin
Edam.

George Murry was pale—but not paler than
usual—his blue eyes gleaming with deep light, his
lip a lip of iron. Algonquin Edam was tall and
magnificent in his healthy, robust manhood—
There was ill-suppressed laughter in his light
blue eyes.

"Do you remember the days of our childhood,
George, when we played together on the hills
of Valley Forge? Little did we think that a
scene like this would ever come to pass! Here I
stand, the rejected lover—ha, ha! the British
officer! And there stands the betrothed husband,
the Rebel Spy! Ha, ha, ha!"

These were bitter taunts to pass between a
living and a dying man! Yet there was some-
thing in the words and look of Captain Edam
that revealed the cause of all his ill-timed mirth
—he was a rejected lover. His successful rival
stood before him.

No words passed the lips of George. He re-
garded the elegant Captain with a calm smile,
and cool

AGRICULTURAL.

THE GARDEN.

BEETS, CARROTS, PARSNIPS, &c., for early use, should be sown as early as the soil and weather will admit. Both the beet and carrot are often long germinating—a peculiarity which will suggest to the judicious some artistic aid being extended in order to ensure an early start. This is the best effected by soaking in tepid water, and sowing while the soil is moist and warm—the surface being closely pressed, either by application of the roller, or by a board to which adequate pressure is applied. Carrot seed, being of hard and tenacious pericarp, requires much care in the preparation and sowing to ensure a crop. Immersion in warm liquids, for a period of 24 hours—the temperature being about 60 deg. Fahrenheit, or perhaps 70 deg., has been recommended by many; but we should prefer an effusion of water to a much higher temperature; say near boiling point, and for a few moments only, in order that the vitality of the germ might not be injuriously affected. There are many seeds, to which great energy is imparted by this process; the seed of the Locust, for instance—one of the most beautiful of our ornamental trees, as well as one of the most valuable for timber, is greatly forwarded by immersion in water heated to the boiling point, during the space of a day; and in some instances the indurated nature of the pericarp has rendered a tepid solution of this process necessary, and indispensably requisite to a healthy development or evolution of the germ.

Beet seed should also be soaked before sowing. Careful rolling is also highly beneficial, as it tends to bring the soil more directly in contact with the seed, and thus subserves a most important end in case of drought. Parsnips are seldom soaked. When this process is resorted to, it is necessary to add some powdered lime, gypsum, or finely pulverized loam to prevent the adhesion of the seeds, and facilitate the labor of sowing which can only, with great difficulty, be performed without.

The soil best adapted to the carrot, is a fine light and rather warm loam, in which there is commonly a full supply, but never a superabundance of water. It should be prepared by frequent, deep and thorough ploughing, and a liberal supply of the most invigorating and easily assimilated manures. A compost, formed of old, putrescent stable or hog manure, loam saturated with urine, and invigorated by a liberal admixture of gypsum, house-ashes or lime, with a little charcoal, nitre and bone dust, pulverized, has been highly commended, and is said to produce highly beneficial effects upon the crop.

As to the best method of sowing, we can only say that the "drill system" combines, in our opinion, the greatest advantages with the fewest defects. And this remark applies, with equal correctness to the culture of parsnips and beets, especially when these vegetables are grown as field crops for the sustenance of stock, and when cheapness is a primary item in the enterprise, with every one.

An intelligent agriculturist with whom we have recently the pleasure of conversing, assured us that his crop of roots, the past season—comprising beets, carrots, parsnips and turneps—and amounting to two thousand bushels, or more, did not cost him upward of six cents per bushel; he kept a correct and accurate account, and was thus enabled to arrive at a perfectly accurate and reliable estimation of the expense involved in their cultivation.

We have long been convinced that the interests of the farming community require that our farmers generally devote more attention to root culture. The improvement of the soil which would inevitably accrue from such an innovation, would, in a short time, induce an entirely new aspect on the face of our agriculture, and be immediately productive of lasting and highly advantageous results.—[Ploughman.]

SETTING FRUIT TREES. It is now time to make calculations about grafting trees and setting out new orchards.

Apple trees and pear trees may be taken up soon after the frost is out, but we advise not to set them till the earth has grown warm and is dry enough to crumble when you spread out the roots. If they are kept in a cool place, the roots covered with earth, the setting may be delayed till May, or till the leaf is ready to put forth.

People are not setting orchards every year and therefore they forget to adopt the best modes of setting. Be careful not to mangle the roots on taking a tree up; if any roots are broken, cut them off and leave a smooth end; the little fibres will start better from this than from a broken root.

It is not necessary to dig a deep hole to set trees in. We inclined to shudder when we see the roots of a tree buried deep in the cold earth. People bury deep to keep the roots from drying up and to give support to the tree. But a lot of old stock hay will guard your young tree from winds and drought, better than deep setting and all the staking and tying up that can be contrived.

Set your tree no deeper than it stood in the nursery—let a boy hold it upright while you spread the roots out so as to let no two of them touch each other. Fill in with good mould, such as you find in the garden, or in a corn field that was made rich, but place no kind of manure in contact with the roots.—Place the manure on the surface if any where, and this with your hay or straw will support the tree, and keep the earth moist through the heat of summer. There should be a good forkful of hay or straw around each tree.—Straw manure from the cow yard will answer, if you have no other straw matter.

If your old hay or straw is so dry or light as to be in danger of blowing away, place flat stones on it and keep them there. You will find that a fork of hay, on ploughed ground will keep the summer; and that no grass or weeds will be found obstructing the extension of the roots. If exercise, apparently deeply affected.

this matter has not become rotten in October, haul it back to prevent the harboring of mice at the root of the tree.

Peat muck is a good article to be placed about a tree in a dry soil. If it has been dug the previous year, some of it may be mixed with the mould that comes in contact with the roots. Muck, from the meadow, may be placed on the surface around the tree.

No grass or weeds ought to be permitted to grow within six feet of the tree the first year, and you must soon extend your cultivation ten feet each way if you would have your young trees flourish, and not be covered with lice and moss.—[Massachusetts Ploughman.]

HORSE DISTEMPER.—This disease, more properly named angina, is a violent inflammation of the mucous membrane of the throat, which rapidly increases to suffocation, if active remedial measures are not employed. Poultices of flax-seed to the outside of the throat, and barley water, sweetened, and acidulated with vinegar injected upon the inflamed surface, are very useful after the general remedies mentioned under the article, inflammation, have been employed.—There is one species of this disease which is disposed to run into a state of gangrene and is very fatal.

HEMORRHOIDS.—Loss of blood, caused by the opening of an artery, inwardly or on the outside of the body. Alum, vitriol, and astringent medicines generally, applied upon the opening of the artery, are commonly effectual in stopping the flow of blood. Internal bleeding requires blood-letting for the purpose of checking the action of the heart and the artery, cool acidulated drinks, and perfect quiet for some time, until the vessels have time to heal.

HEAVES.—A chronic disease of the nature of asthma, of which the real nature and cause are almost unknown. The exciting causes are generally great fatigue, the perspiration suddenly arrested, a neglect of rubbing and cleaning, too high feeding, and want of exercise. The heaves appear in a difficult respiration, which gradually becomes worse; flanks have a convulsive motion, especially when he has been driven fast, the horse discharges from his nostrils a thick white mucus, but he has no fever—has a good appetite, and is generally in good health. The peculiar characteristic of the heaves is the convulsive jerk in the respiration, especially when he is eating, and immediately after exercise it is most observable. Young horses are rarely attacked by this disease—seldom until after they are six years old. All high feeding makes it worse. It is an incurable disease, but not mortal. Its progress may be retarded by careful driving.

A HIGH COMPLAINT.—The Liverpool correspondent of the New York Mirror, pays the following compliment to our country.—After describing the number of Irish beggars, who are now swarming in Liverpool, who "have neither home nor food," nor shelter except the under piazzas of warehouses, and in door ways, and in courts, the writer says:—"America is the land of promise to which they all look; and I am informed by some of the passenger agents they cannot procure steerage room in the packet and transient ships, for half the number who wish to immigrate." The recent received here of the effort on your side to relieve the wants of the starving Irish have created the liveliest feelings of gratitude in the hearts of our people. Not a nation of the world has put forth a hand to help these unfortunate people but Americans.

The crowned heads of Europe have a holy alliance to defend each other from the encroachments of popular liberty, and ever ready to lend soldiers and guns, but they have neglected to send us a grain of corn when they see that our people are starving. It remained for the United States to make a new holy alliance of good will and brotherhood, and by the spontaneous charity of your citizens, there has been done to elevate the character of your nation, than all the victories your brave army has gained in Mexico.

REVOLVERS.—When the gallant Captain Walker, the celebrated Texas Ranger, was in Washington City, he made application at the War Department to have the revolver to which he belongs, furnished with a supply of Colt's revolving pistols. He was answered that "General Scott don't approve of them."

"Well, I do," and Walker, "and I have tried them; Gen. Scott has."

"But it will cost as much to arm one regiment with these as it would three with the common arms."

"Give my regiment Colt's revolvers, and we will undertake to whip any three regiments you have got," was the gallant Texas's reply; on application to Mr. Polk, his business was soon fixed.

Imagine one thousand men, well mounted and ably drilled by the best officers in the service, and so armed as to be able to fire twenty thousand balls with deadly accuracy in about two minutes, and then tell the use of forming infantry into a hollow square before their movements.

INDIANS WORSHIPING THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.—A delegation of Sack and Fox Indians, headed by the Prophet Kekok, and the young Chief Black Hawk, recently descended the Missouri River in a steamboat. As they approached the mouth of the river they dressed, painted and ornamented themselves. On arriving at the confluence of the Mississippi and Missouri, they looked up to heaven, knelt down and looked into the waters, went through various ceremonies, gestulations and manifested a religious reverence for the father of floods. A child was then made to throw a string of wampum into the stream, and for some time they continued to sing and go through other and obstructing the extension of the roots. If exercise, apparently deeply affected.

PUT THIS IN YOUR POCKET!

SMITH & ROBINSON.
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DRY GOODS—STAPLE AND DOMESTIC.
HOUSEKEEPING GOODS.
Carpetings of the best styles. Painted Floor Cloths, all widths. Tufted Rugs. Mats, Beddings, Stair Carpeting, &c.

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knowledge. Indeed this is a grand medicine. Interposition is calculated here, and the pills are constantly increasing.

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J. S. HOUGHTON, 120 Washington Street, Boston, General Agent for the New England States.

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Oxford Democrat.

No. 2, Volume 7, New Series.

Paris, Maine, Tuesday, May 18, 1847.

Old Series, No. 11, Volume 10.

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A BRILLIANT POEM!

We have met with no poetry, says the Philadel-

phia Saturday Courier, since the commencement of

the war in Mexico, that has no stirring or blood, as

the following splendid poem. It should grace a

prominent page in the volume that conveys to pos-

terity in barely prose, the thrilling scenes and events

which it celebrates in heroic verse.

(From the Saturday Courier.)

BUENA VISTA.

BY CAPT. ALBERT PIRE.

From the Rio Grande's waters to the top of

Malibu

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